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PHIPSICLI

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2



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CLASS OF 1914, ELON COLLEGE
NORTH CAROLINA

Contents

	PAGE		PAGE
Frontispiece	3	Y. M. C. A.	65
A Word of Greeting.....	5	Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.....	66
Rev. J. W. Wellons.....	6	Y. W. C. A.	67
Dedication	7	Ministerial Association	69
Life of Dr. Wellons.....	8	Athletic Cabinet	72
The Faculty	10	Elon College Athletic Association.....	73
I. The Classes	13	Philologian Society Hall.....	76
Senior Class	15	Philologian Society	77
Senior Class History.....	24	Clio Society Hall.....	78
Senior Prophecy	25	Clio Society	79
Senior Class Poem.....	28	Basketball Team	80
Junior Class	31	Basketball Sponsor	82
Junior Class History.....	32	Baseball Team	84
Junior Class Poem.....	34	Baseball Sponsor	85
Sophomore Class	37	Girls' Basketball Team.....	86
Sophomore Class History.....	38	Psiphelian Hall	88
Sophomore Class Poem.....	39	Psiphelian Society	89
Freshman Class	43	Boys' Tennis Club.....	90
Freshman Class History.....	44	Tennis Sponsor	91
Freshman Class Poem.....	45	Girls' Tennis Club.....	92
Commercial Class	48	Mots Society	94
Music Class	50	East and West Dormitories.....	97
Expression Class	52	Faculty Meeting	98
Domestic Science Class.....	54	Jokes and Jingles.....	106
Art Class	56	Dr. Harper	113
College Band	57	College Patriotism	114
II. Organizations	59	North Dormitory	117
The Aim of the Alumni Association...	61	Board of Editors and Managers.....	118
Christian Endeavor Cabinet.....	62	Note by Manager.....	119
Christian Endeavor Society.....	63	Editor's Note	120
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.....	64	Advertisements	121

A WORD OF GREETING

TO ALL WHO HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF
EXAMINING THIS VOLUME, WE TRUST
THAT IT WILL BE TO YOU A DE-
LIGHTFUL PERUSAL, AS IT HAS
BEEN OUR HOPE AS WELL
AS OUR AIM TO MAKE
IT FRUITFUL



REV. JAMES W. WELLONS, D. D.

TO
REV. JAMES W. WELLONS, D. D.

THE MOST LOYAL FRIEND TO
OUR ALMA MATER, AND THE
ONE WHO STOOD CLOSEST TO
HER SIDE FROM HER BIRTH,
WE DEDICATE THE SECOND
ISSUE OF THE PHIPSICLI

Rev. James Willis Wellons, D.D.



REV. J. W. WELLONS, D. D., to whom this second volume of the PHIPPSICLI is deservedly and affectionately dedicated, was born in Sussex County, Virginia, January 1, 1826, and is now a vigorous thinker at the advanced age of 89 years. The universal esteem in which he is held is abundantly attested by the salutation applied to him by all, "Uncle Wellons," not out of respect to his years, but in appreciation of his pious life and vital concern in everyone.

Dr. Wellons was licensed in 1854 and ordained to the Gospel ministry by the North Carolina and Virginia Christian Conference in 1856, and during the sixty years that have since elapsed he has missed only two sessions of his Conference—one due to his being behind the Federal lines during the Civil War, the other due to serious illness—a record that we doubt can be matched. He has never missed a session of the Southern Christian Convention since 1854, and but one session of the American Christian Convention, and then on account of sickness. His strict attendance on his Conference sessions and his Church Conventions, has not been perfunctory, but arose out of the vital response of a devoted heart to duty, and no man has exercised a more powerful influence nor proven a worthier counselor than he. The beauty of his life is now seen in the sweet and gracious spirit in which he rejoices to see younger men taking the place of leadership so long conceded to him—sweet and gracious beyond the portrayal of language, because so sublimely sincere and absolutely unaffected.

Dr. Wellons had preached as a local preacher by the authority of Barrett's Church, Southhampton County, Va., for two years before he came to North Carolina and accepted license by his present Conference, but up to his twenty-sixth year was an interested layman, being a deacon, and also secretary and treasurer of the Church. It was at the earnest solicitation of his fellow-laymen that he first gave serious thought to the ministry. They recognized his rare gift for that important calling, and sixty-two years of devoted service has given abundant proof of his divine appointment to this work.

Dr. Wellons made Franklinton, N. C., his headquarters for many years, traveling from that town to his Churches, always among the best and most important. He was a gifted singer and had great success as a revivalist. His ministry has been blessed in extraordinary manner by the establishment of new Churches and the ingathering of souls in established congregations.

The Church at Durham, N. C., finally succeeded in attracting him from Franklinton and as its pastor he continued in unstinted service till his health collapsed in 1902 and he came to Elon College to live out his days, in retirement as he thought, in the shadow of an institution of which he had been a staunch supporter from its origin, but God willed it otherwise. Uncle Wellons lives in the West Dormitory of the College afar from retired life, being co-pastor of the

College Church and in constant, vital touch with everything connected with the College.

Dr. Wellons was a member of the Provisional Board of Trustees of the College, offered the first prayer for the success of the institution under the sacred gum tree now facing East Dormitory before a brick was made for the construction of the institution, has always been a member of the Board of Trustees and of its Executive Committee, and has never missed a session of either. No man has ever rendered more valuable service to Elon in counsel, devotion, or unstinted service than the venerable man of God to whom this volume is most appropriately dedicated in love and admiration. In addition to all this, Dr. Wellons has always been a liberal giver to the College and has left all his estate to it by the provisions of his will, the same to be used as a nucleus for the establishment of a Chair of Theology in Elon College, an object to which he has devoted the last few years and in which he would have achieved larger success but for the pressure of other claims upon the generosity of the financial constituency of the College.

Dr. Wellons has been a fruitful writer as well as busy pastor. His second volume was the *Life and Labors* of Rev. W. B. Wellons, D.D., his sainted brother, a most versatile and eloquent preacher, whose untimely death from over-work is mourned to this day by a host who knew him but to love and trust. This was preceded by a volume on *Family Prayer*—a subject to which his heart and attention have recently returned and in the hope of furthering which he has just published a most excellent booklet entitled, *Family Worship—Suggestions for Its Cultivation and Success*. He has also published a genealogical work on *The Wellons Family*—a book calling for wide and patient investigation. All these volumes have had a wide circulation and exerted a great influence for righteousness, to the development of which his fruitful years of long-living have been assiduously devoted.

The Class of 1914 has honored itself in honoring this veteran friend of all that makes for the uplift of human society and of the individual human soul. And every friend of Elon College will congratulate them in their expression by this act of their appreciation for him who has lived the unmarried life because he was married to the interests of the Kingdom, to which his whole career has been devoted in love and consecration.

The Faculty

WILLIAM ALLEN HARPER, M. A., Lit. D., LL. D.,

PRESIDENT

Professor of Latin Language and Literature

REV. JOHN URQUHART NEWMAN, Ph. D., Lit. D., D. D.

DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

Professor of Greek and Biblical Literature

WALTER PHALTI LAWRENCE, M. A., Lit. D.

DEAN OF MEN

Professor of English Language and Literature

MISS EMILY BESSIE URQUHART

(Graduate of Toronto Conservatory, Toronto University)

DEAN OF WOMEN

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REV. WALTON CRUMP WICKER, M. A., Lit. D., D. D.

Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy

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Professor of Political and Social Science

NED FAUCETTE BRANNOCK, A. B., M. A.

Professor of Chemistry and Physics

EDGAR EUGENE RANDOLPH, M. A., Ph. D.

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Adjunct Professor of Latin

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Professor of History and Pedagogy

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ALONZO LOHR HOOK, A. B.

Instructor in Science and Mathematics

ISAAC JAMES KELLUM, L. I.

Instructor in Mathematics

REV. FRANK SAMUEL CHILD, D. D., LL. D.

Lecturer on Literature and History

REV. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D.
Lecturer on Church History and Biblical Literature

MISS FLORENCE WILSON
Director Department of Music, Voice, Piano and Harmony

MISS LINDA BARNES
Assistant in Piano and Voice

MISS LOIS BAIRD DAVIDSON, Ph. D.
Assistant in Piano

MISS ETHEL CLEMENTS
Expression and Assistant in Voice

MISS EULA VIRGINIA LONG
Drawing and Art

HILVARD ELIOR JORGENSEN
Bookkeeping, Stenography, Typewriting

MISS PEARL FOGLEMAN, Ph. D.
Librarian and Instructor in English

VICTOR PAINTER HEATWOLE
Director College Band

ROY N. MILLER
Director of the Gymnasium for Young Men

MRS. SALLIE E. HOLLAND
Preceptress

MISS ANNIE WATSON
Housekeeper West Dormitory

MRS. MARY F. ROBERTS
Stewardess West Dormitory

MRS. SADIE V. JONES
Matron Young Ladies' Hall

MRS. LAURA ALICE LEE
Stewardess Young Men's Club

THE CLASSES



Senior Class

Motto: Nihil Nisi Optimum

Flower: Violet

Colors: Black and Gold

OFFICERS

FRED F. MYRICK	President
CLYDE CARNEY JOHNSON	Vice-President
VIOLA VIRGINIA ROLLINGS	Secretary
CHARLES WESLEY ROUNTREE	Treasurer
ETHEL CREWS BARRETT	Historian
NINA MYRTLE PINNIX	Poet
BETTIE BRINKLEY ELLIS	Prophet

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Emma Sallie Holland
Gilmer Gustave Holland
Lillian Belle Johnson
Sallie Warren Foster
Marvin Stanford Revell
Grace Myrth Rollings
John Urquhart Newman, Jr.
Joseph Franklin Morgan



FRED FLETCHER MYRICK, Ph. B.

BENNETT, N. C.

"He thought as a sage, but felt as a man"

Clio; Y. M. C. A.; Society Debater '11; Society Representative '12; Treasurer Self-Govt. Club '12; Class Historian '13; Class Representative Commencement '13; President Self-Govt. Club '13; President Clio Entertainment '13; Senior Debater, Junior-Senior Debate '14; President Y. M. C. A. '14; President Glee Club '14; President C. E. '14; President Class '14; Bus. Mgr. Phippsicli '14

"F. F." boosts religious work successfully—promising fair in that field. The girls say that he is "cute", but not knowing what that means, we can not say. He is a hard worker and somewhat of a lady's man. Slow and gentle, will stand without hitching.

VIOLA VIRGINIA ROLLINGS, Ph. B.

SEBRELL, VA.

"Things are not always what they seem"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Rec. Sec. Y. W. C. A. '13; Pianist C. E. '13; President Society Entertainment '13; Class Poet '13; Pianist Sunday School '14; Secretary Class '14; Asso. Bus. Mgr. Phippsicli '14.

The great primp—Viola—possesses all the dignity, reserve, and assumed piety of the class. She plays a very successful role at match-making.



MARVIN STANFORD REVELL, Ph. B.
KENLY, N. C.

*"Ah me; for aught that ever I could read,
could ever hear by tale or history, the
course of true love never did run smooth"*

Phi.; Y. M. C. A.; Phi. Marshal '11; Phi. Debater '12; Sec. Class '12; Debater Junior-Senior Debate '12; Society Representative at Commencement '13; Assist. Mgr. Baseball Team '13; Assist. Mgr. Tennis Team '13; Class Tennis Team '14; Sec. Self-Govt. Club '14; Chapel Monitor '14; Asso. Editor E. C. Weekly '14; Editor-in-Chief Phippsich '14.

"Devel"—Yes, he is a good-natured fellow. Writing, he likes it. But mathematics, he can not *Barrett*. He has a strong desire to study Law. There is something about it very fascinating. Some would say it is the obedience thereof, but we think that he has learned from nature's laws, not only to love a thing, but always try to endure and carry out his plans.



ETHEL CREWS BARRETT, Ph. B.
DAYTON, OHIO.

"Musical, therefore spasmodic"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Marshal Junior-Senior Debate '13; Psiaphelian Marshal '13; Cor. Sec. C. E. '13; Vice-Pres. Expression Class '13; President Expression Class '14; Certificate in Music '13; Diploma in Music '14; Class Historian '14; Associate Editor E. C. Weekly '14

Here is one to whom fate is kind. Although she is fickle and easy to take offence, yet this is soon forgotten when we think of her affectionate, winning ways.





CLYDE CARNEY JOHNSON, A. B.

SILER CITY, N. C.

*"Then he will talk—ye gods, how
he will talk!"*

Phi.; Y. M. C. A.; Varsity Base Ball Team '11; Marshal Commencement '12; Varsity Base Ball '12; Varsity Basket Ball '12; Track Team '12; Society Representative '13; Mgr. Basket Ball Team '13; Varsity Basket Ball '13; Varsity Base Ball '13; Chief Marshal Junior-Senior Debate '13; Manager Base Ball Team '14; Cor. Sec. Y. M. C. A. '14; Class Debater '14; Chief Usher '14; Vice-Pres. Class '14; President Self-Govt. Club Alumni Bldg. '14; Varsity Basket Ball '14; Varsity Base Ball '14.

"Jack"—A well-known jolly fellow on the campus, in the dormitories, and especially in the Dining Hall. He always has something to say, but—(?) to do. Though in spite of the fact that he wants to be a lawyer, he wants also to be first a lover of "Oma-Ha," the place of his future abode.

GRACE MYRTH ROLLINGS, Ph. B.

SEBRELL, VA.

"Much ado about nothing"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Psiphelian Marshal '12; Treasurer C. E. '13; Society Representative '13; Sec. Music Class '13; Marshal Junior Senior Debate '13.

With the nerve and constitution of six, she can face any proposition. The only girl who has received a fatal shot from cupid's arrow. She is our greatest letter-writer. But for more specific statements inquire of "Mollie".



GILMER GUSTAVE HOLLAND, A. B.
HOLLAND, VA.

"I am the very pink of courtesy"

Clio.; Y. M. C. A.; Society Debater '11; Chief Marshal Commencement '12; Treasurer Athletic Asso. '12; Track '12; Class President '12; Class Debater '12; Chief Marshal Junior-Senior Debate '13; Manager Tennis Team '13; Varsity Tennis '13-'14; President Athletic Asso. '14; Vice-President Self-Govt. Club '14; Sunday School Secretary '14.

"Gillie"—A pretty straight fellow is Gillie, except in love affairs. He will beat the other fellow out if he can. It is his highest ambition to be a doctor. Although, he says that there is one case he can never cure—a love case. Experience has taught him that lesson. He likes the silent walks of life, but not to travel them alone.



VERA CASSIE GAY, Ph. B.
SMITHFIELD, VA.

"Why should I worry?"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Society Representative '11; Marshal Psi-Phi-eta Entertainment '12; Society Representative '13; Collector at C. E. '12; Cor. Sec. Y. W. C. A. '13; Manager Basketball Team '13; Chapel Monitor '14.

Without "Trix" our class would indeed be at a loss. This amiable, jolly-go-lucky girl is ever ready for a good time, tho often subject to the blues, caused by Cupid's darts.





CHARLES WESLEY ROUNTREE, A. B.

CYPRESS CHAPEL, VA.

"I am nothing, if not critical"

Clio.; Y. M. C. A.; Society Debater '11; Sec. Self-Govt. Club '13; Society Representative Commencement '12; Sec. Clio Entertainment '13; Sec. Sunday School '13; Sec. Class '13; Pres. Self-Govt. Club '14; President Junior-Senior Debate '14; Treasurer of Class '14; Chapel Monitor '14.

"Papa"—Is not so old as you might think, though he is old enough soon to have a rich experience in life. He is a sincere, sturdy fellow—does very good work, and promises to be able to get all of the enjoyment out of life that is coming to him. Though a "parson" it does not interfere with his being a jolly good fellow.

EMMA SALLIE HOLLAND, Ph. B.

FRANKLIN, VA.

"Not a word; not one to throw at a dog"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Collector at C. E. '11; Society Representative '12; Marshal Psiphe-
lian Entertainment '13; Sec. Y. W. C. A.
'14; Cor. Sec. Class '14.

The modest unassuming little creature of the class '14 is "Empsie", who has lived during her sojourn here the life of a book-worm. She is ever cold, indifferent, and nonresponsive; but once a friend is forever a friend.



JOSEPH FRANKLIN MORGAN, Ph. B.

SPIES, N. C.

"The first step to greatness is to be honest"

Phi.; Y. M. C. A.; Society Debater '10; Pres. Ministerial Asso. '12; Society Representative at Commencement '12; President Society Entertainment '13; Chmr. Lookout Committee '14.

"Franklin"—The famous minister of the Class is Joseph Franklin. He likes to expound the gospel far and near. Yes, "amongst the highways and hedges he likes to mingle." His chief characteristic in action and in word is, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."



LILLIAN BELL JOHNSON, B. Pe.

CARDENAS, N. C.

"'Tis better to be wise than otherwise"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Cor. Sec. Y. W. C. A. '11; Society Representative '11; Essayist at Psiphelian Entertainment '13; Vice-Pres. C. E. '14; Y. W. C. A. Representative to Blue Ridge Conference '13; L. I. Degree '13; Class Poet L. I. Class '13.

Lillian the drole, yet witty girl of '14, is of a scrupulous, religious nature—a conscientious co-ed, excells in both art and expression.





JOHN URQUHART NEWMAN, JR., A. B.

ELON COLLEGE, N. C.

*"I am not only witty myself,
But the cause of that wit is in other men"*

Phi.; Base Ball Team '12, '13, '14; Basket Ball Team '12, '13, '14; Capt. Base Ball Team '13; Capt. Basket Ball Team '13, '14; Society Representative '10. Marshal Junior Senior Debate '13; Asst. Sec. Class '14; Asst. Editor Phippsich '14.

"Dummy"—"Let whatever come that may, I shall never let my College or other duties interfere with my work." He is a happy-go-lucky fellow. He would tell you to eat, drink, and be merry to-day, for tomorrow you may die. But—he does love his girl, because, says he, "The Bible says woman shall be man's help-mete".

SALLIE WARREN FOSTER, Ph. B.

BURLINGTON, N. C.

"Peace if possible, but the truth at any rate"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Collector C. E. '10; Phippsichian Marshal '11; Vice-Pres. Class '11; Pres. Y. W. C. A. '13; Collector at C. E. '13; Capt. Tennis Club '13; Society Representative '13; Marshal Junior-Senior Debate '13; Certificate in Expression '14; Asso. Bus. Mgr. '14; Asso. Editor Phippsich '14

Rumor has it that—judging from appearances—Sallie is unapproachable, but not so, for at least she is true blue, affectionate, kind, and last but not least, our athlete.



NINA MYRTLE PINNIX, Ph. B.

KERNERSVILLE, N. C.

"I'm sure care is an enemy to life"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Marshal Psiphelian Entertainment '11; Vice-Pres. Class '12; Society Representative '12; Society Representative at Commencement '13; Collector C. E. '14; Cor. Sec. '14; Class Poet '14.

"Nina"—Her motto is, "Love one, but be a friend to all". Her temper often gets beyond her control—then beware! In spite of this she is one worth knowing. She keeps the golden rule—"Do others as you would have them do you".



BETTIE BRINKLEY ELLIS, Ph. B.

ROANOKE, VA.

"Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice"

Psi.; Y. W. C. A.; Representative Blue Ridge Conf. Y. W. C. A. '13; Collector C. E. '14; Pres. Y. W. C. A. '14; Class Prophet '14.

"Betsy"—The runt of the class—in statue only. Some call her indifferent, others most affectionate. The only side of her nature that we have as yet been able to determine upon is, that fate has decreed that, she is to be the author of our class, with Art as her side-line.



Senior Class History



IN September the third, 1910, we, the class of '14, arrived on the hill with such a feeling as only Freshmen can experience—strange, bewildered and worst of all—really lost. Of course, you already have a mental picture of us as a whole—the word Freshman implies all, and we, I can assure you, lived up to the very letter of the term. For the first few days we heard of things that before we reached this clime had not even invaded our most unheard-of dreams. Indeed the realization was quite different from our anticipation.

We were a conservative set and it was not until our Sophomore year that we organized the class. We waited to see who would still be in rank the following year; for as you know there is a great sifting out for various reasons.

When we organized in our Sophomore year, our number was about thirty, and a wiser, more sophisticated crowd you could hardly find. We began in earnest and with our motto, "nihil nisi optimum" we have ever tried to realize its meaning; and for following years "nothing but the best" has been the slogan of our class.

From the very first the members have taken a decided interest in all phases of college life. In those organizations tending toward the development of the moral and spiritual side of life we have taken our part. Also in that field which means so much in college life—athletics—we were not wanting for men. In all kinds of sport we were well represented. We lived through the year just as all Sophomores do. We felt very much the same as is the Sophomore's opinion of himself—that is, wise and important. We too soon may have forgotten that the past year witnessed us as Freshmen in the true sense of the word and heaped upon the lower class advice that only the experienced should give.

But these traits in our third year gave way to sober, level-headed juniority. We now began to get a glimpse of ourselves as we appeared to others. 'Twas now that we strove to be rather than to seem. This year was undoubtedly one of the happiest. It was in this year that we had the great pleasure and privilege of entertaining that dignified and austere body—the Seniors. Nothing could have made us realize more fully that we were part of the college than to have our names conected in this way with the Seniors. Again we had this satisfying sensation when in the Junior-Senior debate, much to the dejection of our opponents, the debate was won by the negative—our side.

In the following fall only sixteen of our number came back to the old oak grove to still pursue for the few remaining months, the long-sought-for diploma. At last we are Seniors, but instead of feeling our importance and that we are nearing the close of our school days, we realize more than ever that it is just the beginning and that we are soon to say good-bye to our old Alma Mater; that we are to enter into that broader and higher school of life—experience.

Senior Prophecy



HERE am I? Have I always been living this careless, free life, drifting on a beautiful lake with a tiny, wee girl of six, my only companion? Alas; not so, what a change a few weeks can make it one's life! Less than two months ago I was a school girl, and instead of a blue linen dress, I wore a black cap and gown, being on the whole a very distinguished looking person. Immediately after commencement, I hastened home, but my stay there was brief, for soon after my arrival I was asked to become the companion of this dear, little "Sunshine."

Suddenly she cried out "Oh, Comrade; do stop dreaming and look. Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" Glancing up, I saw our boat had drifted ashore and the child was standing in the farther end with both hands clasped, while just before us was the most sublime scene I had ever beheld. The elements were aglow; the sun in all its splendor shone behind the dark clusters of trees and in the midst of it all stood a horse, with head uplifted and nostrils expanded, as if ready to plunge into the lake. Upon his back sat a stately figure arrayed in armor, with a sword of flashing fire in his hand.

Fully astounded and transported with admiration, my first thought was that Parsifal, the Knight seeking the Holy Grail, stood before me; but gradually and with regret, I realized that the age of Chivalry had passed.

Then it was that he began to speak: "Maiden, I hold within my hands the sword of knowledge." I at once thought of my classmates and with a voice trembling with excitement I asked him the future of the class '14.

His countenance fairly shone as he waved his sword once, twice, three times above his head and thrust it forward. Then it was that the sword of knowledge unfolded itself into a large volume, from the pages of which he read the future of my fifteen classmates, in a rich, tranquil voice, the fullness of which seemed to pierce my very soul.

"Your president, F. F. Myrick, the leader and stay of your class, who throughout his course was honored by all and surpassed by few, will spend his life traveling in behalf of the Y. M. C. A.; in which work as all other, he will be successful." Well, thought I, one member of our class, at least, bids fair.

Turning to the next page he continued: "The charming and attractive blond of your class will go on in her careless, free way, unable to decide in favor of either of her admirers, Marvin or George, so great is her desire to deal justly with them both, until becoming discouraged, she gives them both up, for Ethel Barrett will go as a missionary to the far away fields of India."

Before recovering from that shock, I received another as great, for he turned to me two pictures of a young man, one taken while in College, the other a few years later. What a change a few years had effected! It was almost impossible to

believe the energetic school-boy, ever surrounded with companions, to be the same as pictured later. He no longer stood erect, but with bowed head and drooped shoulders, he ever plodded his weary way. Revell had become a farmer and companionless, save for his dog. "Poor fellow," unconsciously escaped me. "I guess he is waiting for the missionary to return."

Still more amazed I listened as he read, "Viola and Grace Rollings will become so interested in the salvation of souls that they will join the Salvation Army and may be seen standing for hours on the street corners, begging alms for starving unfortunates, crowding the cities."

Turning another page he continued: "Elon's greatest talker and one of her best athletes has a bright future before him, because his energies will be turned from things of the world, and Jack Johnson will one day through his eloquence of speech become America's greatest revivalist."

I listened, and lo! could it be possible that I heard aright? Had the quiet, pensive little Emma Sallie Holland really become a chorus girl and ballad dancer accompanied by Mr. J. F. Morgan, who when at Elon was a ministerial student, and thought to be a consecrated Christian.

Again turning to the book of knowledge he read: "Although Sallie Foster had a number of admirers, she will never marry, owing to the fact that not one of the young men chanced to be perfect; so she will go in training, and will do a great work in this sin-cursed world, as a trained nurse."

Thus, on he read: "The most pious and dignified of your class, Lillian Johnson, will become the leading society girl of Raleigh, tho, life there will soon grow monotonous and she will go to New York, where she will join the Suffragettes. Then all papers of interest will be filled with her speeches in their behalf."

It was as one in a dream, I sat and listened as he read on: "Mr. Rountree will marry as expected by all, and growing fond of a life of excitement, he will become a lecturer for moving pictures, while the pretty face of his wife may be ever seen at the ticket window."

Yet again he turned the leaves of knowledge, and from them read as follows: "The studious, straightforward Nina Pinnix of all girls will be found to have deceived her classmates, in that throughout her course she had been engaged to Gilmer Holland. They were married a few weeks after their graduation, and the doctor of your class, as thought to be, will one day be a great singer and his wife one of the world's best accompanists. After a few years, millions will flock to the recitals given by Mr. and Mrs. Holland."

Still again he turned and read: "Vera Gay, instead of becoming a farmer's wife, as expected, will find that her attachments for Elon are so great that she will not be able to remain away, so she will become matron for the Christian Orphanage, and the greater part of her life will be spent ministering to orphans' needs."

Slowly my Knight turned the last leaf and continued, in almost a whisper: "The last of your number will rise to be the man that is within him. Urquhart

Newman, Elon's greatest athlete, will, after a few years, relieve his father of the responsible position as Dean of the College and will prove a blessing to his Alma Mater."

Closing the book of knowledge, which once more took the form of a sword, the Holy Knight vanished as mysteriously as he came. Still I sat as one entranced until aroused by the child. It dawned upon me then that from association my mind was becoming as creative as that of the little, imaginative "Sunshine." And its fruits should by all means be given to the public. Thus was written the prophecy of the Class '14.

Senior Class Poem

With apologies to the Muse

On a sea of lore and knowledge
We have sailed four years in college
O Friend! believe us, 'twas not serene,
Not as rumor has it—a summer's dream.

For in this tideless wave of life
There's been to each, some struggle, some strife.
Until today we've bourned it together,
Caring nought for storm, nor wind, nor weather.

Sixteen endeavorers have steered ardently to shore;
Each fibre pulsating a ceaseless roar;
But each must choose our paths at will,
Not forgetting the voice that cries from the Still.

Today in person we sever communion;
Yet we feel somewhere there's a grand reunion,
For the friends and classmates that now are parting
Have a goal to pursue, and must be starting.

In the future our past must not dominate,
Since our emoluments and achievements were gained by Fate.
With ideals centered upon the word "Success,"
A zeal to attain that and nothing less.

Just a little beyond a sun-tipped horizon shall peep;
Just a little beyond shall beam our duty to meet.
We plead for a guidance irrespective of toil,
With a faith to surmount every turmoil.

A debt immeasurable we owe our institution,
For she has kept us in a state of evolution.
To her we pledge our hearty co-operation,
Because her patient forbearance has aided our education.

And now to the Faculty and to all we leave behind,
Your loyalty is safely anchored in our mind,
Whatever good within this sphere we reap,
Each and every laurel we'll send to you to keep.



JUNIOR



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Class

Motto: Labor Omnia Vincit

Flower: Trailing Arbutus

Colors: Green and Gold

OFFICERS

ROBERT K. HANCOCK.....	President
M. CLEBON BARBEE.....	Vice-President
WILLIE J. COTTEN.....	Secretary
WILLIAM CODY PURCEL.....	Treasurer
JOHN L. FARMER.....	Historian
CLAUDIUS PEEL.....	Poet

MEMBERS

E. T. Cotten	F. M. Aycock
Bruce McCauley	Beatrice Mason
W. C. Morgan	Ione McCauley
O. D. Poythress	Pattie Preston
W. D. Loy	I. J. Kellum
D. F. Parsons	K. W. Loftin
L. W. Fogleman	S. S. Myrick
R. A. Truitt	
J. V. Knight	
Oma Utley	

Junior Class History



It was in the fall of 1911 that the illustrious class of 1915, the present Junior Class, emerged from their prehistoric period of development, and entered our grand old institution of learning, Elon College.

When the opening of the school in the fall rolled around we boarded the trains from many climes, bound for Elon. We had no idea then what lay before us. All we had in mind was to reach Elon. We were met and welcomed at the train by the faculty and members of the Senior Class, whose most peculiar pleasure it was to introduce us to the gazing Sophomores and Juniors, who took great delight in helping us get our rooms and in taking us to supper.

Early next morning it was heard from every nook and corner, "Go matriculate." So off the stray children went to matriculate, hardly knowing what matriculate meant. The next day we went on classes, and it was during that day that we were called by the Faculty and the upper classes the biggest bunch of "boneheads" that had ever struck Elon. But what if we were called the biggest class of blockheads that ever came to Elon! We soon proved to the professors that "first impressions are not always the truest."

But our greatest glory came when we broke all records and organized the first Freshman class—for none other had ever dared to do such an unheard-of thing at Elon. On the evening of February seventh, nineteen twelve, we met and chose the following as our officers: President, Oma Utley; Secretary, John L. Farmer; Treasurer, Nellie Davis. Then we adopted as our motto: "Labore et Honore." By labor and with honor we were continually striving. The morning after we had organized we felt as big as Seniors. Time rolled on and examinations were upon us, it meant another pleasant association with our classmates at the place we all loved.

Another September found us again 'mid the sturdy oaks, not as "Freshies", but wise, ferocious "Sophs". We, of course, felt our importance, and smarting under the humiliations to which we had been subjected the year before gave full rein to our feelings by offending the poor "Freshies". Our Sophomore year was an eventful one, for we were bent on acquiring the maximum amount of knowledge in the minimum amount of time.

How delightful it was to return as Juniors last fall, to our old haunts in the buildings and feel that we had risen above all childish conceits and contentions of the "Freshies and Sophs". How serenely we looked down and saw the strutting of these young cockrels.

We will not mention the great things that we have done in athletics, for every class has a share in this part of college life. Suffice it to say that we have done our part—our full share and have won many class championships.

We have many of the best speakers in college—we defeated the Freshmen in 1912, and made the Seniors think they were gone this time, tho' they won by a close decision. Our members are leaders in every walk of college life—in society halls, class rooms—in all we are admired by the faculty and looked up to by the other classes.

About the middle of January, 1914, we began to plan for the Junior-Senior reception to be given February 20. Needless to say, this was the best ever given by any Junior Class at Elon.

So here's to 1915! May she ever be successful! And to Green and Gold! May they ever be victorious.

HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Poem

With apologies to the Muse.

I sing of our class of 1915—
A class with high ideals and noble mien.
For three years we've labored with might and main
That our golden visions we might attain.

Though our minds are weary, our hearts are true,
And now our duty we shall still pursue
Until comes our glad graduation day,
When we our sheep-skins get and sail away.

We are a classy class, as all have told;
Being, indeed, more modest, than over-bold.
Howe'er we've nothing at all to hide;
And to our record we may point with pride.

In scholarship the Juniors lead them all;
May the high standard they have set, ne'er fall.
But may those following, both great and small,
Devoutly list' to Inspiration's call.

In college forum and on college field
The victor's palm to us they needs must yield;
We've truly won our laurels fair;
Upon our brow you'll find no willows there.

Not in class room alone do we excel,
Nor of us in athletics only, do they tell;
In every feature of our college life
We have our character to stand the strife.

When this year's Senior ship into life's sea
Puts out in all its pride and majesty,
In this quiet harbor still shall we remain
Our voyage preparation to obtain.

Our past has been a peace and joy complete;
May future days and months be just as sweet.
And may we ever onward, upward stride;
In paths of fame and glory may we glide.

POET,



"10"
SOPHMORE



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Class

Motto: For Victory We Struggle

Flower: Lily

Colors: Green and White

OFFICERS

RUSSELL T. BRADFORD	President
ANNIE LAURIE WICKER	Vice-President
BLANCHE TEAGUE	Secretary
BERTHA WILSON	Treasurer
JOHN G. TRUITT	Poet
W. T. SCARBORO	Historian

MEMBERS

Paul V. Parks	Jimmie Lee Norfleet
William L. Kinney	J. H. Ray Boothe
Robert F. Brown	Thomas P. Harwood
Lloyd C. March	Mvrtle Moser

Sophomore Class History



WITH ardent and burning desire to explore the mysterious and stormy sea of knowledge, the tide of mystic fortune washed our barks into this spacious harbor of learning. The first thing we did was to organize. This we did with little difficulty and less assistance from "wiseacres". We were presided over by Harwood. After the novelty of college life had worn off, we looked about us to see in what fields of activity we could show our prowess. In basket-ball it was not long before the scalps of the higher classmen were dangling at our belt; in baseball our good fortune did not desert us. Atkinson's "spitters" proved an enigma to the sluggers of the other classes who bit the dust in defeat. On the varsity baseball and basket-ball teams five of our classmen were conspicuous figures. After a year of arduous toil, and unceasing devotion to our studies we returned home, with all the knowledge a Freshman is supposed to have attained.

The summer months sped by with great rapidity, but not too fast for us, as our anticipations were high. At the next meeting of our class we found our numbers much the less from the vacation, but cheered by the thought that to the fewer the greater share, each cheerfully set himself to the task, and began to browse upon the fields of Sophomore knowledge. To lead us in this, our most trying year, we wisely chose "Red" Parks to wield the gavel.

There is no phase of college life neglected by the ambitious Sophs; you will find them in basket-ball, you will find them in baseball, you will find them leading in Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. and on many an occasion you may hear their voices pealing forth in forensic oratory on the Elon rostrum.

True to our motto: "For victory we struggle," we are setting an example that the future classes may emulate.

HISTORIAN.

Sophomore Class Poem

With apologies to the Muse

Sing sweet Muse, sing we pray
And give us thy inspiration;
Let us learn thy melodious lay;
Let us have thy approbation.

Listen, then, friendly Sophomores,
And I shall sing softly to you.
Wisdom will open to you her doors,
If your task you earnestly do.

You must study not only your books,
But must listen to birds and bees,
You must hear the babbling of the brooks,
And live among whispering trees.

Walk often some old shady lane,
To keep the furrows from your face,
And there cast away all your pain,—
Ah! give sweet violets a place.

And live much among the flowers,
Among the lillies and the posies;
Live in the sweet-scented bowers,—
There are volumes in the roses!

You should like the caw of the crow,
Flying o'er the old plantation;
Enjoy with him the passing snow,
He'll make happy your vacation.

See diamonds in the sparkling dew;
Golden fleece in floating cloud;
The great Painter's work in sky blue,
Be proud you are living—be proud!

And look often on warm clear nights,
While the mockingbird sings her song,
At the heavens of starry light
Where not one star is placed wrong.

So Sophomores study the books,
But if you would never be small
Do not forget the rocks and brooks
And love old nature best of all.

POET.



FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS.

Freshman Class

Motto: Palma non sine pulvere
(No palm without dust)

Flower: Pansy

Colors: Purple and Gold

OFFICERS

MARY WEST	President
H. S. SMITH	Vice-President
ANNIE SIMPSON	Secretary
LORENA GARRETT	Treasurer
J. L. CRUMPTON	Historian
J. H. FLEMING	Poet

MEMBERS

Ruth Aldridge	Lillian Kendrick
J. F. Apple	Louise Martin
Jennie Willis Atkinson	Johnny Matthews
A. C. Bergeron	Lessie Neville
Ella Chandler	Minnie Pickard
Julia Farmer	Susie Riddick
L. B. Ezell	Cornelia Rutherford
Janie Felton	Nova Rogers
H. J. Fleming	Hester Stewart
A. E. Gibson	Alma Wood
G. B. Harris	Grace Walton
Manie Johnston	Emice Wellons
Mary Johnston	N. L. Richards
H. H. Harris	L. A. Riddick
C. C. Lindley	W. J. B. Truitt
R. P. Merritt	B. M. Williams
E. Morrett	R. M. White

E. J. Walker

Freshman Class History



ON September 2, 1913 we, the young men and women that compose the Freshman Class, shook hands with our beloved ones at home and departed for Elon College.

We were now beginning our college career, the thing that we had long wished for. When we arrived on the hill we found things very different from what we expected. We were met at the station by the kind and friendly upper classmen and ushered to our dens in the different dormitories. There they tried to console and nurse us until we recovered from that dreadful disease, "homesickness". We were treated kindly by the Sophs in every way, and were not carried to the athletic field and placed upon barrels to do all kinds of acrobatic stunts at the risk of our lives.

On September the third it was announced that all Freshmen follow their predecessors to the president's office for matriculation. Then we underwent what all the classes before us had termed a "peculiar sensation", and it was a peculiar sensation for us too. We were like the man that underwent an operation for appendicitis, we didn't know whether it was matriculation or professional curiosity. But at any rate we do know that we stood there in the office wedged in between the big fat Seniors and the raw-boned Sophomores until our backbones wore holes in our hats and our feet went to sleep. We stood there for three mortal hours, but at last we caught sight of the "bursar" and were registered. He gave us some little cards that seemed entirely worthless, and we were told to carry them before the various professors to have our work arranged.

Next came the reception which was of interest to all Freshmen. There we met the Honorable Faculty and the lads of the class had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the fair sex.

Everything went along nicely and the time for organization soon came around, which took place October 15. This was a happy time for us, for we were now feeling that we were getting well launched out upon the sea of college life. We could now come into closer contact with each other and know each other better. As we gathered in Dr. Amick's recitation room for organization in with us came Mr. Merritt, with Mr. H. S. Smith on one side and Mr. B. M. Williams on the other, we suppose for the purpose of helping him carry his speech which he delivered later in behalf of a certain young lady—a candidate for office. He showed in this speech his ability as an orator.

I feel safe in saying that ours is going to be one of the greatest classes that Elon has ever had.

We are represented in the field of athletics by Morrette, who no doubt is one of the best all 'round athletes Elon has ever had. It was he who caused Elon to win game after game of basket-ball over the best teams in the state.

We are represented on the platform by Smith, Truitt, and White. These young men have shown their oratorical ability in their societies, and their ability as debaters was shown in the Freshman-Sophomore debate. And with the pen we are represented by Harris and Fleming. I might mention each one in the class, but it is useless, for what they have already done indicates that the class is going to make itself known, for the next four years and in after life.

And the class of 1917, with the determination it has behind it, will go forth prepared for the duties of life.

HISTORIAN.

Freshman Class Poem

We deal with facts both bold and true,
No vision of ours will be written for you;
The time has come when we start our tale—
Either we gain or we lose and fail.

We have only started our college career,
The work is not easy, the goal is not near;
But what can surpass, "No Palm without Dust"
As an urge in this race of trust?

We glory in our work and strive for the best
Since we have elected Miss Mary West
As leader of a band of large and sincere
Sturdy young freshmen who work by the year.

H. S. Smith is a man well known,
His mind is for work and his heart for home;
As second, elected Smith's place is to be
In the chair sometimes, but never at sea.

Our secretary is not famous, but she
In manners and works resembles a bee;
Miss Simpson it is who records the date
Of meetings so rare that they always seem late.

For writing our letters Miss Atkinson we chose,
While one of deep thought did peacefully dose;
He awoke with a start and exclaimed right out
You've done a good thing and I'm going to shout.

The money we have is scarce but hard;
Miss Lorena Garrett is keeping this wad.
Her salary is small but so is the cash;
May both move forward as well as the class.

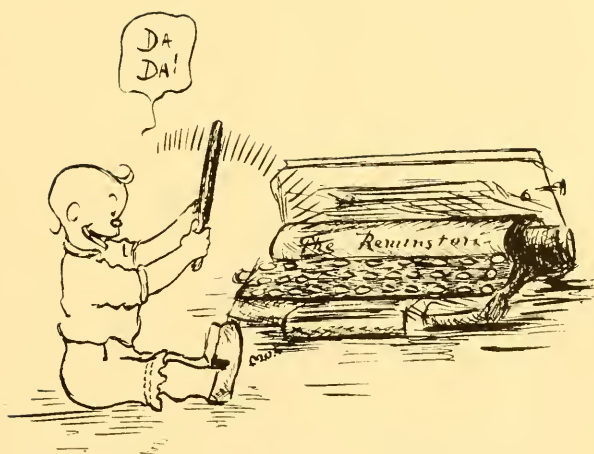
Our lives have a purpose, as you will find
By reading Crumpton's story of the Freshmen line.
Our lives and works, we hope they have been
For one purpose only and that is to win.

Our speakers are both in form and thought
Likely to gain that for which they have wrought.
Messrs. White and Truitt are these orators by name,
Their talent is great and so is their aim.

Purple and Gold are the colors we like
To wave for our brothers as they strive in the fight.
The fight of this life is hard and severe
And our little waving will be appreciated here.

We cannot attain our model's perfection,
But we may do well and follow the direction
Of the pansy in nature so perfect she grows;
May each one persevere wherever he goes.

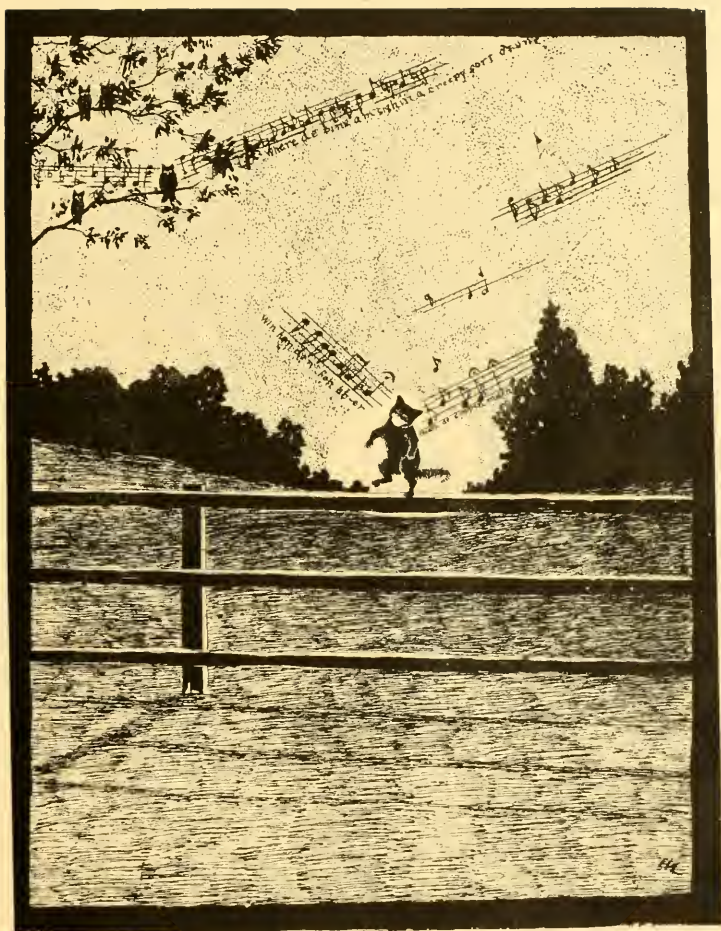
POET.



COMMERCIAL CLASS



COMMERCIAL CLASS.





MUSIC CLASS.



EXPRESSIO



EXPRESSION CLASS.





DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS



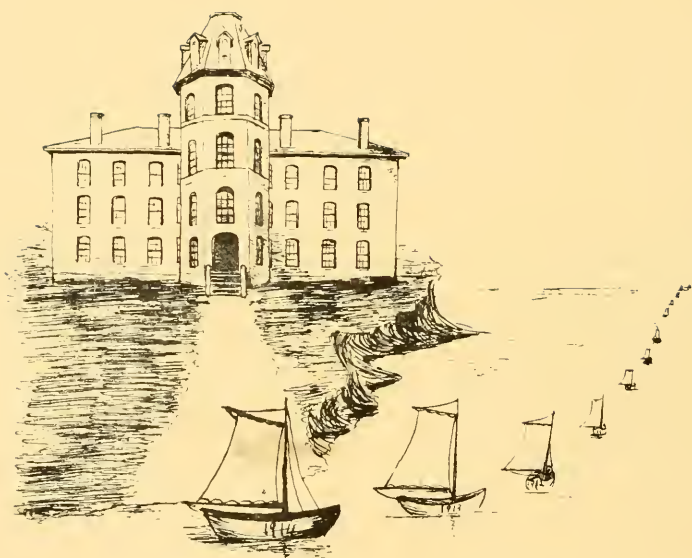


ART CLASS.



COLLEGE BAND.

ORGANIZATIONS



Guide Us Dear Mother To Our Fate

O Alma Mater, Grand And Great,

The Aim of the Alumni Association



N Alma Mater means literally a dear or nourishing mother. An *alumnus*, in the broader and truer sense, is one who has been nourished by an institution and to whom that institution is dear.

It is more or less incidental whether he successfully completed the course of instruction required and received as a reward therefor a degree conferring upon him a certain dignity and giving him perforce a certain stamp of approval, or whether, for any one of a number of reasons, he dropped out and became, what some have been pleased to call, a member of the "old guard". A far more important consideration is: Did the institution leave the impress of its idealism upon him and enlarge the horizon of this world, making him prepared and willing to take his place in performing real service in a real world?

A man or woman who graduates, so to speak, from the family life and goes out to make for himself a place in the world or, what is more important, to become a new center about which the world of home shall revolve, carries with him or her certain obligations and pleasant duties to the family which he or she left. Among these is the duty to communicate with the folks at home and visit them from time to time keeping them informed of important matters affecting his or her life; to keep ever in front of his mind means of advancing and improving the family lot, and in success or failure always to know that the family loves him and shares his success or failure with him.

A means for encouraging the performance of these duties and stimulating the assumption of these obligations to their Alma Mater is the Alumni Association of Elon College. Through it, the alumni make themselves felt in shaping the policies of the administration of their college, and by it is kept alive that interest in her welfare on the part of those who studied there without which she would be poor indeed.

The Association now has a very definite aim. It has not been without aim heretofore. But, perhaps, its markmanship was poor. There was needed some large task worthy of the love and desire to serve which should call forth a noble response. This was found in the task which the Alumni Association, in behalf of all the loyal sons and daughters of Elon, assumed at the Commencement June, 1913, in undertaking to pay for the handsome new gymnasium and dormitory now named, in recognition of that determination, the Alumni Building.

The Alumni of Elon have followed with deep interest and sincere admiration her constantly enlarging field of usefulness and the growing recognition of her merit as a high-grade institution of learning. They have always responded most liberally to her calls for service—none more so. In this undertaking they are to have the privilege of erecting a monument to the patriotism and loyalty of those who can speak of her with affectionate pride as our Alma Mater.

DEROY R. FONVILLE,
President Alumni Association.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CABINET.

Christian Endeavor Society



ONE of the glories and distinctions of the Christian Endeavor movement, is that it is a young people's society; that it brings together young men and women in an equality of service.

The society is built on the plan of the church, and in it we find a place where men and women must work together for the advancement of the spiritual life.

This society has meant a great deal to the spiritual life of the college—from the beginning it has had an active, vigorous life. Under the present administration it has done especially good work.

There is no better test of genuine Christian character, than that of taking a courageous, outspoken, manly stand for Christ. A coward will rarely be found among the active members of a Christian Endeavor Society. The willingness to stand up for Christ, and be counted on His side, is that true test. This has been manifested in the large, devout membership which our society has maintained since its organization.

In the State Union the influence of this society has been great for many years; it has furnished officers, and its contributions and delegations to the meetings of the Union are always good.

Each Sunday evening, very helpful and uplifting meetings have been held. A large number of our members have become "Quiet Hour Comrades"; thereby pledging themselves to spend a definite length of time each day in reading the Bible and in prayer.

During our revival which was held in February, the Endeavorers took an active part, holding a prayer meeting just before the regular service each evening. This, we believe, resulted in much good.

The Junior Society which was organized in the early history of the Christian Endeavor, has proven an active auxiliary to the Senior Society.

There are many ways in which we can show heroism. There are few demands for martyrs. But there are moral tests which prove the stuff of which men and women are made, and the Christian Endeavor Society furnishes one of these tests.

OFFICERS

F. F. MYRICK.....	President
LILLIAN JOHNSON.....	Vice-President
E. T. COTTEN.....	Rec. Secretary
W. T. SCARBORO.....	Treasurer
ETHEL BARRETT.....	Cor. Secretary
BEATRICE MASON.....	Pianist



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

Y. M. C. A.



THE Young Men's Christian Association is playing an important part in the lives of college men today. We find numerous evidences of it everywhere we go—especially among our institutions.

In the early history of our association, the need of such a work as this organization affords did not loom up so highly in the minds of the students as it does today. Not because they could not see the need, but because conditions then were different from what they are now.

The Young Men's Christian Association stands for the development of spirit, mind, and body. And never before in the history of our country was there a better opportunity for Christian men to do service along this line. The students of our institution are becoming wide awake to this fact and throwing themselves into Y. M. C. A. work here in order that they may be able to meet the responsibilities of the future.

Such interest as has been manifested in our association here this year has never been manifested before. Our membership has increased 50 per cent. over that of last year; our attendance has been 50 per cent. better than that of last year or of the preceding years.

This year we sent eleven men to represent our association in the State Conference held at Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Those who went were: W. T. Scarboro, Willie Purcell, M. S. Revell, J. H. Fleming, C. B. Riddle, F. M. Aycock, J. L. Farmer, J. L. Norfleet, W. B. Fuller, S. S. Myrick, and F. F. Myrick.

We are planning now to land a large delegation at Black Mountain next June for the Summer Conference.

The officers for the coming year have been elected, and they are now planning to make it the greatest year in the history of our association. Surely they will make it so. We hope for it to be their gain.



Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

Y. W. C. A.



HERE are no better means by which college girls can get better acquainted, and drawn closer together, than through religious organizations.

The Y. W. C. A. of Elon College is a medium through which the realness of the girls is ascertained. By attending its meetings it is easy to discern those who will make good in life after the college days are over by the part they take; girls may reach girls by discussing together religious topics; it is uplifting and inspirational.

The first Saturday night after school opened every girl was invited to the Y. W. C. A. reception. A goodly number attended. The time was pleasantly spent in games, after which refreshments were served.

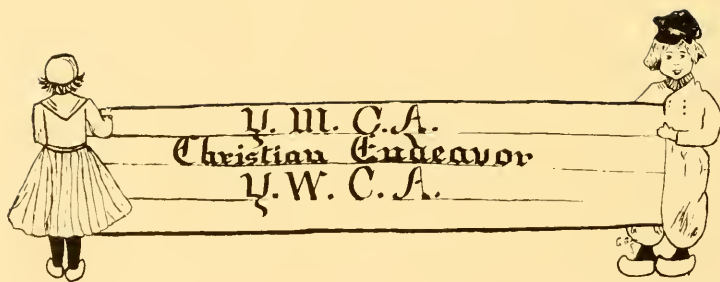
Much life has been added to the society this year by the Dean of Women. She has taken a very active part, and has given beneficial talks in the meetings.

The attendance has been good. Much better than usual.

On the third Sunday afternoon in January Dr. E. E. Randolph gave an interesting lecture to the society on "Broken Things in Life." Dr. J. W. Harrell spoke to the society February 8, 1914 from 11 Cor. 5:14. This was enjoyed by all present, and much good derived therefrom.

Misses Lillian Johnson and Bettie Ellis represented the society at the State Convention which met at Black Mountain, June 6-9, 1913. Misses Frankie McNeill and Beatrice Mason were delegates to the Student's Council which met at Raleigh, Nov. 15-18, 1913. These delegates brought back helpful suggestions from each convention.

The society has added much to the practical side of the college life this year.



Ministerial Association



AFTER many years of thoughtful meditation and prayer many attempts were made to organize a permanent association for ministerial students. By September, 1910, the need became so thoroughly realized that a band of eighteen zealous, consecrated young men formed the organization known as the ministerial association.

The purpose of such organization is to promote a spirit of brotherly love among young men and to aid them in public speaking.

Previous to September, 1913, the association met every Wednesday evening for devotional service. Since that time there has been a change in the work. Many ministerial students below the Junior class, desired to have more time for Bible study. On this account the Wednesday evening services were abandoned and classes formed that meet with some chosen professor as much as two periods a week.

The calls and claims of a minister are greater and more urgent today than ever before. The tasks that lie before the rising ministry call for a well-developed intellect in order to assume such responsibilities as now devolve upon him. It is a call to study and diligence. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." "Neglect not the gift that is in thee." It is a call of usefulness and unselfishness, and involves untold sacrifices with numerous perils to every person engaged. The disciples were God-commissioned, but not without the most encouraging promises. "Ye shall receive power, ye shall be my witnesses, both in Jerusalem—and to the uttermost parts of the earth."

Realizing the present demand of the preacher, the ministerial association, with its twenty-seven members, is endeavoring to meet the present demand so as to cause the work of the church to take on newness of life and become a channel through which much and permanent good can be accomplished.



MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

Ministerial Association

OFFICERS

S. S. MYRICK.....	President
W. D. LOY.....	Vice-President
H. S. SMITH.....	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

J. F. Apple	D. F. Parsons
R. F. Brown	O. D. Poythress
E. T. Cotten	C. B. Riddle
L. W. Fogleman	C. W. Rountree
W. B. Fuller	R. S. Rainey
W. R. Hardesty	E. H. Rainey
J. V. Knight	H. S. Smith
W. D. Loy	B. M. Williams
J. F. Johnson	R. P. Merritt
W. L. Monroe	J. T. Pittman
J. F. Morgan	W. L. Maness
S. S. Myrick	C. C. Lindley
H. M. Neese	J. H. Trollinger
Short	J. L. Trollinger



ATHLETIC CABINET.

Elon College Athletic Association



ELON COLLEGE is fast improving in her athletics under the direction of Coach Doak and Director Miller.

The Athletic Association wishes to thank the good trustees for their liberal support they have given the association and the substantial rules they have made to govern inter-collegiate games.

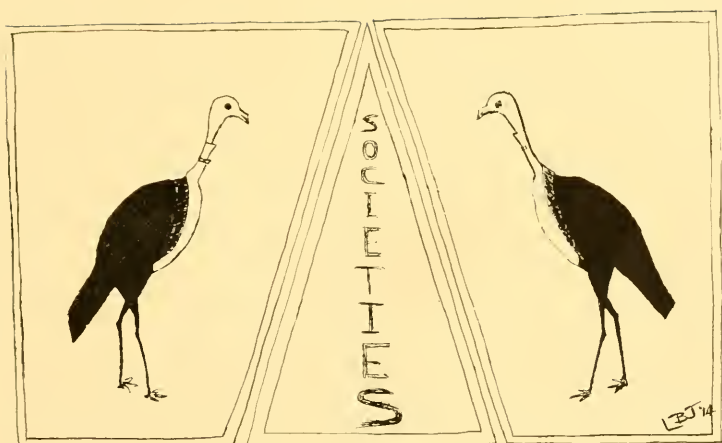
The Association is grateful to the Alumni Association for the wonderful gift to the college of the best Gymnasium in the south. We should and are showing our appreciation for the opportunity to train our bodies by the scores made in basketball with the colleges in Virginia and North Carolina.

Elon ranks with the best institutions in the state and has practically won the championship of the state in basketball during the past season; winning from Wake Forest, who had three days before won from the University of North Carolina. Elon was tied with the University, having won one game and lost one.

The Association is stronger financially than ever before. Also stronger in material for the games than in previous years; using only men who are required to take a full course and make a daily passing average on their work. In conduct a man can not represent the institution if he has as many as ten demerits against him. There has not been a single man disqualified who has made the team, on account of unsatisfactory grades or any defects in his conduct whatever. This shows the reader that men who are really men enter into college athletics and are doing solid work, contrary to the prevalent conception of an athlete in college. Elon is justly proud of her athletes.

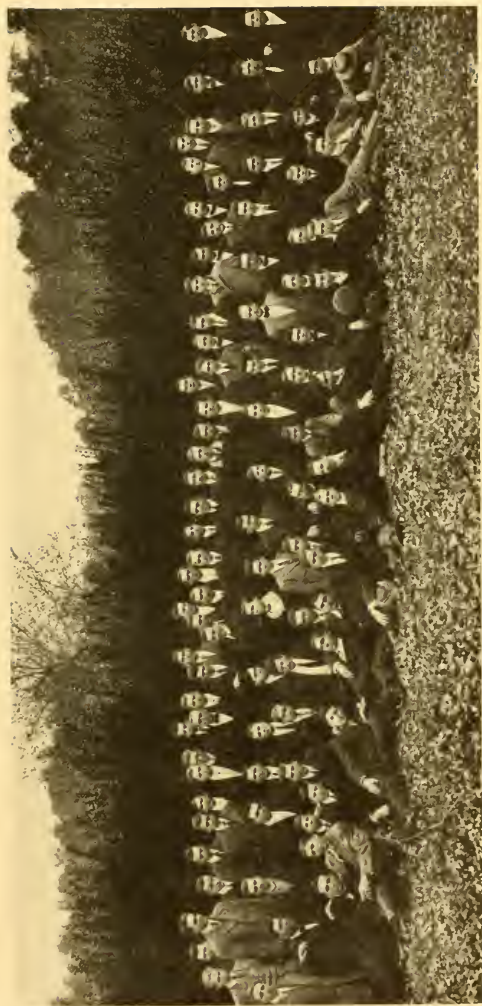
Basketball Games and Scores

Elon College	22	Greensboro Y. M. C. A.....	24
Elon College	49	Atlantic Christian College	9
Elon College	17	Trinity	30
Elon College	21	University of N. C.	15
Elon College	26	Trinity	23
Elon College	15	Wake Forest	16
Elon College	22	A. & M.	23
Elon College	17	Guilford	36
Elon College	35	A. & M.	19
Elon College	17	Roanoke	14
Elon College	16	University of N. C.	29
Elon College	31	Lynchburg Y. M. C. A.....	41
Elon College	20	V. P. I.	36
Elon College	17	Roanoke	19
Elon College	16	V. M. I.	15
Elon College	26	Wake Forest	21
Elon College	26	Guilford	22
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total—Elon College	393	Total—Other Colleges	392





PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETY HALL.



PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



CLIO SOCIETY HALL.



CLIO LITERARY SOCIETY



BASKETBALL TEAM.



BASKET BALL



BASKETBALL SPONSER

BASE BALL



ENTRANCE



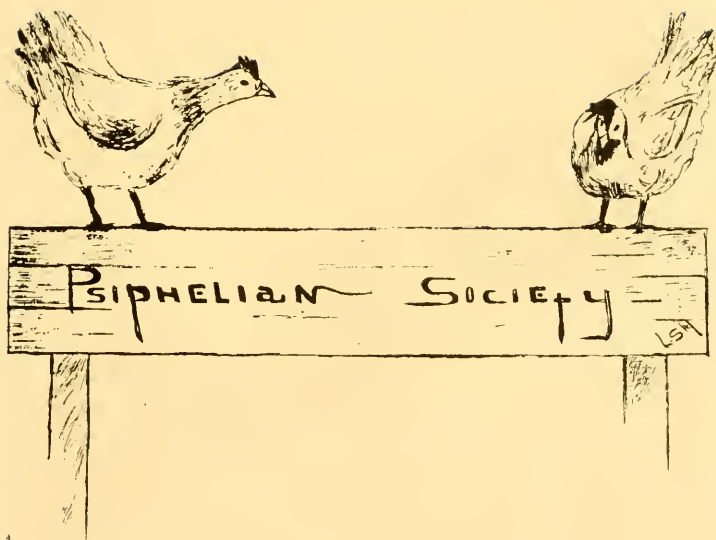
BASEBALL TEAM.



BASEBALL SPONSER.



GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

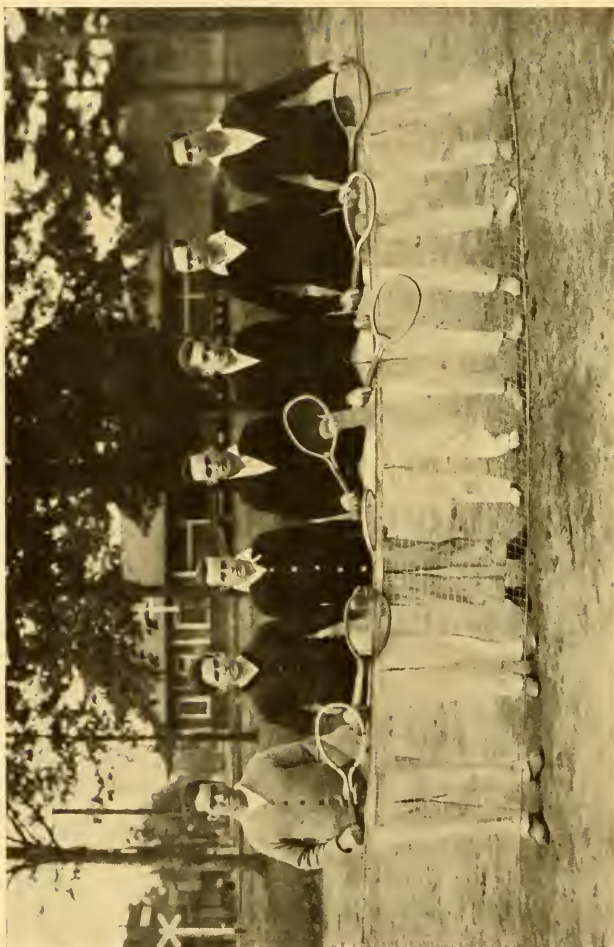




PSI CHIAN SOCIETY HALL



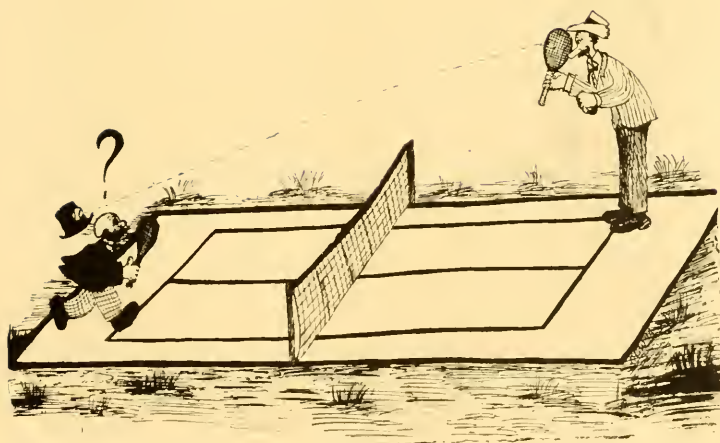
PSI-CHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



Boys' Tennis Club.



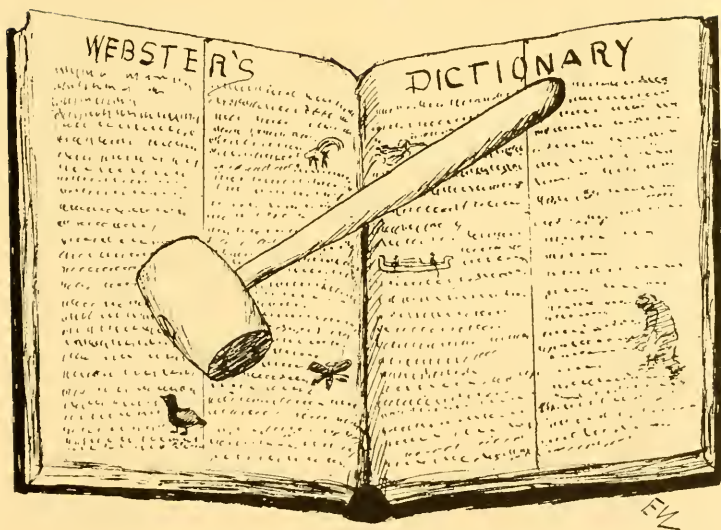
TENNIS SPONSER.





GIRLS' TENNIS CLUB.

NOTES





Mortis Society.



PUBLICATIONS





EAST DORMITORY (FOR BOYS).



WEST DORMITORY (FOR GIRLS).

Faculty Meeting

Feb. 31, 1914



At this eventful occasion, the meeting was called to order by the President, Dr. William Allen Harper, in his usual pleasant manner. However, could he have been seen by others, as well as by that august assembly, who are accustomed to his ways, his appearance would have been that of one who inherits all rights and reservations of an intelligent bunch of co-eds through meekness and tranquility.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, Dr. Thomas Cicero Amick, better known to the student-body, who so highly esteemed him, as "Uncle Tommy." Some of the adjunct professors, feeling their importance (?) and being in rather a garrulous mood, tried to consume considerable time in discussing whether Mary Barbour should be put on probation for smiling at Prof. Kellum. Dr. Newman, Dean of the College, suddenly realizing that the temperature of the room was extremely low, throwing his overcoat around his shoulders, arose and made a motion that the minutes should be adopted without further discussion.

The Dean of Women, Miss Uhquhart, in her sympathetic manner, and too, woman like—anxious to get in a word—thought it "very well" and proceeded to second the motion. This carried. Prof. Hook, being very conscious of his social duties, begged to be excused, in order that he might wend his way through the moonlight in the direction of Miss Irene's home.

Now, this was Dr. Lawrence's chance, for he always has numerous petty offences to report. His counsel always holds good, and this time, he advised the Faculty to discontinue the social privileges of Ruth Aldridge and Marmaduke Woodward, thereby quelling for a time the rapid dart of Cupid's arrow.

This being the first time in the records of his reports in that he failed to conclude his remarks with a joke, this privilege was conferred upon Dr. E. E. Randolph, whose disposition on these occasions is always hilarious (?), even though he appears to the students as a scholar reserved, yet submissive.

This sudden inspiration aroused the great philosophical musings of Dr. Wicker, thus recalling an offence which had for quite awhile aroused suspicions in the minds of the co-eds. The grave charge was none other than Mr. J. C. Poe being seen in serious consultation with Miss Ione McCauley. At this moment, Prof. Doak remarked that he had witnessed the same incident, but the said young lady being a resident of the village, and since they were merely arranging for a love game (of tennis)—he thought no penalty should be imposed upon either party. Our beloved pastor, Dr. Atkinson, is always ready to lend his assistance in time of trouble, so he at once made a motion that this should not be dealt with. Prof. N. F. Brannock, who is famed for keeping the golden rule, instantly arose, with his eyes riveted on the floor, as was his custom, and declared a second to said motion.

Listen! Suddenly approaching footsteps were heard in the hall, a loud rapping sounded on the door. This was no sooner heard than the energetic little "Captain" Jorgenson responded to his duty with militant activity. To his utter astonishment, a host of the fair sex confronted him. These were recognized as being the lady-teachers and the matrons—Misses Wilson, Barnes, Davidson, and Clements—each came for the same just cause—declaring their resignation, unless new pianos were installed at once. This was agreed upon, without any hesitancy whatever on the part of the assembly.

Miss Long, whose love of nature, both artistic and human, has a great depth, thereby causing her to be anxious for the comfort of her friends, came for the purpose of ascertaining whether the *dynamo* at the power house had really given out—this was rather an intricate affair, but our beloved pastor took upon himself the duty of solving the "riddle"—he always helps the good cause along! ! !

Mrs. Holland, thinking this was her turn, declared that she didn't know what in the world was the matter with the girls, for they wouldn't ever be quiet during study-hour. Just then, Mrs. Lee expressed her perplexities—the boys were eating so much; she simply could not understand, and wished some preventative of enormous appetites might be discovered.

At this moment, another hurried approach sounded in the hall, the stewardess, Mrs. Roberts, and Annie Watson rushed in, bringing with them Messrs. Heatwole and Miller, against whom they rendered an accusation of visiting the pantry at an untimely hour. This being such a serious charge, the wise and level-headed faculty, after a prolonged argument, thought best to give a severe dose of demerits (25) as a probable cure for indigestion which was contracted by the intruders while in the pantry. Patiently Mrs. Jones had been waiting to remove the cover from the immense basket which she bore on her arm. To the surprise of everyone, a delightful repast was spread before them, and it goes without saying, to all who know the domestic reputation of this good woman, that it was indeed appetizing:

Prof. Daughtry, remembering that the libraian, Miss Fogleman, had consented to assist him in searching for references on the study of Mason(ry), made a motion for adjournment; no sooner said, than Prof. Campbell, who was restlessly awaiting the opportunity, begged to be allowed to second the same, so this distinguished body adjourned; the Bursar wishing to demonstrate his gallantry by escorting one of the fair damsels to her studio, and declaring it to be the most important and pleasant evening ever.

So it goes down in history!

What Is In a Name Anyway?

(A rose by any other name would smell as sweet).



U'T EN Morgan mein Freund, I am a Farmer and I live in Holland. I haven't any Brothers so no one knows where I am at. I plough my old Gray though he is so Vera Gay, and my land is full of Stones. The sun I can Barrett, though sometimes it is hot as the Devil. I Love it very well. I raise Cotton (a) Roundtrees, and there is Cole on my land and if I was not lazy I Wood prosper, though now I am very Poe. The Parks on my land have the most delightful Walk(er)s.

I was awakened one morning by the crowing of Aycock, and I took my Papa and the Black Boy to the Barber's and the Smiths and my little Pug followed all the way. His Keen barking sounded like a Horn(er) as the wind came from the West. Once I told a Riddle to my Neese on the Bank and she dropped her Hook into the water and went along to the Garrett in the Barn(es). There sat Aunt Sally Peel(ing) Apple(s), and I borrowed one to Tally with when her little Foster sonny Jack came crawling through a crack. She gave him a Rip(py) right on his Lips and he Fel(ton) down in the Hall.

One day a (Fogle) man came into my Camp(bell) and he wanted to sell me some Morre(ette) Roll(ing)s of Pin(ni)x.

I Love a girl named Mollie, though I like them All(en) a little and we Wil(son) get married. And here is where our tail comes to a happy end.

It Is Expected That—

Red Poythress's hair will be "Red" in 1915.

Coach Doak will shave at least once a week next year.

"Molly" Morgan's face will look more like a human being's as he gets older.

Girls will wear overalls next year as they now wear "hobbles".

Paul Bruce will ever say "What a fool" though you ask him a question ever so simple, or tell him a joke.

Gabriel will sound the bugle call when Gilmer Holland gets enough to eat.

Grace Rollings will stop looking at her "little dear"—when? ? ? ?

"Shine" Bradford will ever enjoy life, as he says he would rather be a living son-of-a-gun than a dead hero.

John D. has more capital than the whole Senior Class treasure.

Marmaduke will ever have corns, as he now has one on his "other" knee.
(Pray without ceasing).

Willie Gray will get fat soon.

M. C. Barbee and Jennings Fleming, fellow workers, will take for life work operating a gas plant.

Grace Walton will be able to put more powder on her face as she grows older.

"At" Kernodle would be rather tall on stilts.

J. F. Morgan will get his "E" in gymnasium, as he is able to do the stunts.

Black Boy will be on class to-day.

The trains will stop here even though Harwood and Bruce are not at the station.

John Farmer will burn Wood instead of using his radiator.

Billy Myrick's nose will be in accordance with the rest of his face in his Senior year.

Foster Finch will grow at least four-fifths of an inch within the next 4 years.

Jack Johnson will start to smoking Oma(r) cigarettes.

Ankles will get a "Shine" Commencement.

Pud Beale will be awake during part of the sermon next Sunday.

The Athletic Association will furnish the baseball men with chewing tobacco instead of the uniforms.

"College men without money," by C. B. Riddle, can get credit at Pug's.

Bill Tally and Mrs. Jones will soon find Hollis if they hunt him much longer.

Prof. Hook will make the Basketball team in 1920½.

Ruth Hall will get "Cole" if the cold weather lasts much longer.

Miss Long's Art class will soon consist of every "gal" in school, as she specializes in face paint.

Sallie Foster will take "Jim" next year or the a'ter.

Miss Clements will sleep with her left eye open, so as to give her right eye a much needed rest.

At least four people will enjoy these things, as we editors surely do not.

Kissing

A kiss is said to be an operation upon the lips for the relief of heart trouble, and a hug a thing of beauty entirely surrounded by a stretch of masculinity. It is a very interesting subject, and there are various forms which I will endeavor to describe:

(1) Kissing is a pleasure, a habit, an ecstasy, a duty, a sin, a crime, or any thing you want it to be, depending altogether on the circumstances.

(2) Kissing a baby is about the sweetest kissing on earth, but it's mighty hard on the baby. He gets such a lot of it. Pretty girls kiss him; married women kiss him; old bachelors kiss him, everybody's doing it. If he were big enough to assert himself, he would not stand for it, at least not all of it, anyway. But then if he were bigger, no one would want to kiss him.

(3) Kissing a girl whose lips are like warm velvet, and whose cheeks are as soft as a dove's breasts, is about the "niftiest" thing in the world, except for the fact that no one gets to kiss such a girl but the raw fellows who have not even learned how to kiss the right way.

(4) Kissing one's wife is about as near perfect enjoyment as mere man need ever hope for, but it is a custom not universally followed. Some men kiss other fellow's wives. The man who does not kiss his wife ten times a day is a big fool; likewise the woman who does not want to be kissed ten times a day is ditto, but if the old man keeps a quid of cut plug in his jaw, the wife who stands for ten kisses a day deserves a halo and a cushioned seat alongside of Job in the new Jerusalem.

(5) There are many ways of kissing. A little baby just opens its mouth and slobbers; a coy maid shuts her eyes and lips tight and lets someone else do the kissing; an old maid ties up her lips into a hard knot and pecks away at the victim like a woodpecker; an old bachelor puckers up his lips and smacks like the dredge of a steam shovel.

Advertising Section

(Editor's note: These Ads are guaranteed to be true, and do not exaggerate)

Wanted—Someone to write these ads—Editor.

Owing to a train being delayed we were not able to get our ads in hand in time for publishing.



A Glossary of Valentems

Date—An agreeable refreshment when arranged with a peach, altho' leaving an exceedingly bad taste if set out with a lemon.

Minute—The eternity we spend waiting for Her to come down.

Yum-Yum—An exclamation used in punctuating an osculation.

Eleven o'clock—Taps—on the floor of the room above.

Door way—Linger Lobby.

Kid Brother—A member of the house at all times susceptible to bribery.

Old Man—A soulless tho' exceedingly well soled old curmudgeon with eccentric ideas about eleven o'clock, business prospects and intentions.



So It Will Ever Be

Once upon a mid-night dreary, as I pondered weak and weary
Over many a quaint volume of forgotten lore
Of Caesar, Cicero, Xenophon, Wells and Maury
Came a faint tapping at my chamber door
And the intruder, bowing low, asked for a smoke, three or four
Only this, and nothing more.

Senior Idiosyncrasies

F. F. Myrick—Giggling.
Ethel Barrett—Playing peek-o-boo with the moon.
C. W. Rountree—Going to the post-office.
Lillian Johnson—Primping.
Jack Johnson—Chewing.
Nina Pinnix—Sleeping.
Gilmer Holland—Reading the "Suffolk Herald".
Grace Rollings—Writing letters.
J. F. Morgan—Flirting.
Sallie Foster—Asking for a "set-up".
Marvin Revell—Trying to hear it (Barrett).
Bettie Ellis—Studying?
Vera Gay—Meditating.
J. U. Newman, Jr.—Buying precious "Stones".
Viola Rollings—Eating cheese-wafers.
Emma Holland—Gossiping.

“From the Fullness of the Heart, the Mouth Speaketh”

Viola Rollings: Well, *my* conscience!
Nina Pinnix: Well sir, *that's* a new'n
on me!

Senior Girls: I'm so hungry. *Do*
set me up.

Pearle Fogleman: Good Night!

Mrs. Holland: ? ? ? ? ? ?

Frankie McNeil: Did I ever!

F. F. Myrick: I don't care if you do.

Gilmer Holland: I'm *so* hungry.

W. B. Fuller: I *am* going to graduate.

J. C. Poe: Where am I, At?

Vera Gay: Well, Peter Dink!

Emma Holland: What you say?

Ethel Barrett: That just gets my
goat!

Grace Rollings: Oh, the mischief!

Lillian Johnson: OH l-a-w-w-w!

Sallie Foster: Everybody pecks on me.

Bettie Ellis: Did anybody see "W. C.?"

Jack Johnson: Old Lady, go to sleep.
I have to write a note.

Jennings Fleming: Say, I have just
heard something—will tell *you*—
but don't tell *anybody*.

Miss Urquhart: Very well!

C. W. Rountree: Don't bother with
your Pappy.

Mr. Morgan: *That's* fine!

Blanche Teague: I do wish I under-
stood Riddle(s).

W. H. Gray: I'll be fair with you!

Foster Finch: Don't mess me up now.

W. L. Kenny: For *solid comfort* give
me peanuts.

R. K. Hancock: Can you give me a
big envelope?

Myrtle Moser: Well, who ever heard
the like?

Mary West: I declare fo' goodness!

Dr. Randolph: Well now, I certainly
do appreciate that.

Prof. Brannock: Oh pshaw!

Dr. J. O. Atkinson: I declare unto
you——.

Miss C. nents: Well, isn't that the
truth?

Dr. Amick: "— ——and the like."

Prof. R. A. Campbell: You said it.

Dr. W. A. Harper: Didn't you no-
tice that?

Dr. W. P. Lawrence (in his office):
Are you telling the truth?



JOKES

Jokes

Mollie—Just "sposen"—oo'—oo'—oo'.

* * * * *

Dr. Lawrence—Why are you smoking that cigarette, Urquhart?

Urquhart—Because I haven't anything else to smoke, sir.

* * * * *

Miss Long and her art class were discussing face paint. Miss Long said, "My face is always red tho' I never paint it."

"Maybe it is because you drink something stronger than water" said Mr. Stone.

"No," she replied, "I don't drink anything but water, but goodness knows it is strong enough for me as it comes from the Power house".

* * * * *

"Hollis and Dummy were severely injured the other day," said Keen to Pug.

"How was that?" asked Pug.

"Hollis got hit by a piece of "Cole" and Dummy by a "Stone".

* * * * *

"Good morning, Fleming; I am going to Trinity next year," said Barbee;

"Good morning, Barbee; ain't you satisfied up here?" asked Fleming.

"O yes; but I can get a bigger salary down there as I can save them the expense of enlarging the gas plant".

* * * * *

Loy (referring to Kirk): "Her warm heart is mine."

Harwood (sorrowfully): "And I get the cold shoulder."

* * * * *

When a man starts to talk he never stops to think.

And when a woman starts she never thinks to stop.

* * * * *

Love is said to be an itching at the heart which you can't scratch.

* * * * *

Before slates were invented people multiplied on the face of the earth.

* * * * *

Wonder why the ball players are wearing padded pants this year? We thought that the birch whip had gone out of fashion along with the hoop skirts and bustles. Speaking of bustles reminds us of the fact that we have just passed through the barbarian ages of hobbles and "slits" and are emerging into the good old days of the early 70's again. Well, we should worry, and grow young.

At the End of Time Will—

Dr. Newman need his oil stove.
 Kitty get "stirling love".
 Naomi Felton argue.
 Jimmy Lee laugh.
 Hancock be a sheep.
 Miss Long and Blanche Teague solve "riddles".
 Marmaduke Woodward grumble.
 Oma Utley take off her shoe.
 Mr. Heatwole lose his hat.
 Hollis Atkinson get "cold".
 Purcell ring bells.
 Marvin Revell snap his fingers.
 Doak go to moving picture shows.
 Lillian Johnson say "con-tinue."
 Gilmer Holland love his name.
 Papa T. Scarboro wear a hat too small for his head.
 Mrs. Holland burn "Wood" or "Stone", and where "At".
 Bradford "shine".
 Booker T. Poe hear from home.
 Bettie Ellis procrastinate.
 Miller get enough to eat.
 Viola Rollings and C. C. Johnson still be addicted
 to the use of the looking glass.
 Miller study German.



The great, grand class of 1914 decided to repair our reception room, which is decorated with paintings and statues selected from the history of the Old Testament. We employed Messrs. Morgan and Roundtree to do this work.

When they had finished they presented us the itemized bill as follows:

To two pair of overalls to work in.....	\$.62
To correcting the Ten Commandments.....	.04
Replacing and gilding left wing of the guardian angel.....	4.00
Renewing heaven, adjusting the stars, and cleaning up the moon.....	47.61
Touching up purgatory, restoring lost souls.....	7.14
Taking spots off the son of Tobias.....	11.02
Decorating Noah's ark and putting a head on Shem.....	75.00
Total	\$ 144.43

Through All the Years to Come Will—

C. W. Roundtree be sending out wedding invitations.

E. T. Cotton and Clifford Morgan say "Grace".

Mr. Jorgenson go "West".

Ethel Barrett say by "George".

Pearl Fogleman retain her independence.

Frankie McNeil wear red.

Sallie Foster receive notes from Rupert Merritt.

Attrice Kernodle suck her finger.

W. C. Poe make dates.

Janie Felton be studying domestic science.

Chief Fuller be at Elon College.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class '14, being sound both mentally and physically, declare this to be our last will and testament. We have always been accused of possessing unselfish dispositions—always thoughtful of the pleasure and comfort of others, so with this in mind, our boys bequeath their overcoats to Dr. Newman.

To the Junior Boys, Marvin Revell bestows that art which has for so long a time been the envy of other classes—his power of oratory. While his penmanship falls into the hand of Dr. Harper, feeling sure that the same will be useful, as well as appreciated.

We find that love of nature has a wonderful growth in our midst. Last year it was "edifying," this year "admiring"—so to Miss Houchins goes the hand-painted picture, which was the just inheritance of F. F. Myrick from the Art Class '13.

But while the love of nature deepens, vanity is playing its part, therefore Nina Pinnix, through her kindness and generosity, wills Mr. Grover B. Harris a sufficient amount of talcum powder to carry him through College; while Lillian Johnson, who always has a supply of paint on hand (check), wishes to leave it with Mr. Barbee, at the same time hoping he will be benefited by its applications.

The "derby," which has so faithfully served C. W. Roundtree for 10 these many years, and carries with it a knowledge of German, will be left to A. E. Gibson, in order that it may retain the study, and at the same time protect that particular head.

The dignity of the class, borne so nobly and becomingly by Viola Rollings, is bestowed upon Dennis Fleet Parsons, who is seemingly lacking in this particular characteristic, and when once assumed, we trust he will retain it through his entire career.

Urquhart Newman—better known to us as "Dummy"—who cannot be excelled as an athlete, wills his skill to Emory Beale, and we hope he will enjoy his new field of work.

To John Farmer, who expects some day to become a champion ball-player, Jack Johnson wills his basket-ball. Although much worn, it bears the power of attaining the good for which John is striving. The power of speech is also characterized in Jack's nature, so to Fay Henly he wishes to bequeath his loquacity, and hopes she will soon cultivate as eloquent flow of language.

To our minds, one requires more exercise than can be attained from *vocal* gymnastics; therefore to Marmaduke Woodward is bequeathed the "*gym*" suit of J. F. Morgan.

For four years, Vera Gay has preserved the History notes over which she spent many laborious hours, and as she finishes her course these valuable notebooks are left to Mr. Heatwole, hoping they will be a means of economizing his time.

It is with great pleasure that Emma Holland wills her "math" books and all helps connected therewith, to "Chief" Fuller, who has labored under this strain through time immemorial, and we sincerely hope his burden will be considerably lightened.

There is always a very present help in the time of trouble, so Bettie Ellis wishes to bequeath the epistles of Paul to Cornelia Rutherford, who willingly receives them thinking perhaps she will find some consolation therefrom.

Grace Rollings, having enjoyed to a great extent her ability both for writing and singing, bequeaths her pen and voice to Frankie McNeill, in order that she may never hereafter a borrower or lender be.

Sallie Foster, famed for her art of Expression, wishes to will this talent coupled with that of *inquisitiveness*, to Wilile Cotton, hoping he will receive some information in applying it to the social side of life.

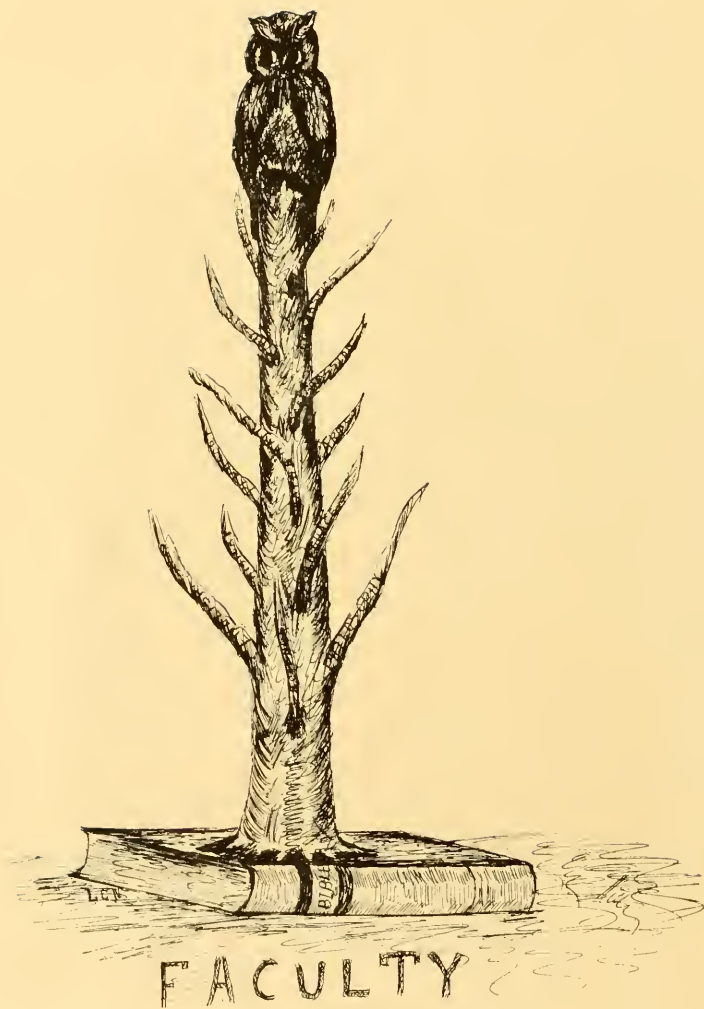
Gilmer Holland, the member who devotes his time to good reading and eating, donates his numerous books and magazines to Dr. Lawrence; and his enormous appetite is added to that of Sterling Love.

To the tranquil, good-natured Dr. Randolph, Ethel Barrett bequeaths her spasmodic disposition, hoping it will cause his life to be filled with vivacity.

To the Freshmen, we will our diplomas from the school of hardships.

To the Sophomores, we wish to give our blue sweaters. To the Juniors, we will our privileges and our beloved sponsor. To the faculty, who has ever been so kind toward us, we bequeath our sincere gratitude, joy, health, and happiness.

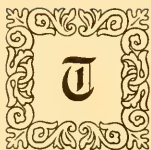
To the "Hill" we bequeath a grove of maples, planted with many fond memories.





PRESIDENT W. A. HARPER, LL. D., LIT. D.

College Patriotism



HERE is a College patriotism. Every true-hearted man, every noble-hearted woman, who has felt the influence, imbibed the spirit, of a College, feels it and understands it, and counts it as a priceless possession. What is this patriotism and whence does it originate?

To define College patriotism it will be well to consider other kinds of patriotism. National patriotism, the kind we readily think of when we mention patriotism, is the passion a citizen feels for the land that gave him birth and has since given him shelter and security of life. It is love of country and the flag, a passion which impells one to serve one's country, either in defending her from invasion, or protecting her rights, or maintaining her laws and institutions in vigor and purity. This noble sentiment, the eternal and necessary characteristic of a good citizen, is the noblest passion that animates a man in his civic capacity. In times of war and national danger it strews the battlefields with the mutilated corpses of those in whose breasts it wells up. In times of peace it begets a lively interest in all that looks to national prosperity and progress; it insures democracy and crowns liberty. That country is safe whose sovereign integrity is insured by patriotic citizens.

There is further a patriotism of the home, and another of the church, and others in varied spheres of life. We sometimes call these by different names. Patriotism in the home, for example, is family pride; that in the church is church loyalty—but what's in a name? The sentiment that prompts family pride, church loyalty, veneration for the Alma Mater, and national patriotism is at basis one and the same. The same love, directed toward the state, gives national patriotism; toward the church, church loyalty; toward the family, family pride; toward the College, veneration for the Alma Mater, what this article designates as College Patriotism. It is therefore clear that College patriotism, similar to the love of a citizen for his country, of a Christian for his church, of a son for his mother, is the passion of a student in College for his Alma Mater. This is a noble passion—prompting men to do their best as students and to succeed most as graduates or as one of those who dropped out—a passion that impels them to advance the interest of the institution that gave them intellectual birth—the noblest passion that stirs the heart and fires the brain of man in his intellectual capacity.

But it is not enough to define these passions, or rather to follow out the ramifications of the same fundamental passion in all the spheres of human activity. We must know their origin to appreciate them fully. The basis upon which they rest, for we can never be said to know a thing until we know its history, its origin, the *terminus a quo*. Whence then the origin of these various kinds of patriotism? They are one and all grounded on gratitude—a passion than which there is none more beautiful—than the lack of which nothing renders more odious and contemptible. Gratitude is the basis of all patriotism, whether it be national, of the home, of the church, of the College—gratitude for service rendered for

which the mind feels there is no adequate compensation on the part of the recipient. Why do you love your native land? Because she has given you birth and guaranteed to you personal security and happiness—things which by your own efforts you could never acquire for yourself. Here is an occasion for gratitude—and gratitude when it has brought forth gives rise to patriotism. Why do you love home, have family pride? It is because you feel gratitude to your parents for the sacrifices they have made for you—sacrifices which you can never repay. Why do you love the church? Because of the gratitude you feel for the "peace that passeth all understanding" in this life and the assurance she vouchsafes you of eternal happiness in the life to come. Why do you love your Alma Mater? Because by her efforts, all unremunerated by you, she has made the world over again for you, broadened the horizon of your vision, deepened the penetration of your insight—constituted you a new creature. Gratitude is at the base of patriotism of whatsoever sort—patriotism is gratitude in the fruitage.

There is a vast difference between the timid, bashful, hesitating Freshman and the same man who four years thereafter receives a diploma and with confidence of added powers and the inspiration of a larger vision leaves behind him the sacred walls of Alma Mater and goes forth to do his part of the world's work. He is become a new man and the College has made him so. The study of history has taught him the philosophy of progress; the Social Sciences have taught him the principles of elevating the race; through the department of English he has been brought face to face with great characters in all circumstances and conditions of life; mathematics has rendered him exact and painstaking; Latin and Greek have introduced him to the life and civilization of peoples other than his own and far different from his own, and so broadened his sympathies and developed him culturally; philosophy has revealed to him the laws of himself—the mental machine; physical science has enabled him, as Kepler so grandly put it, to think God's thoughts after him in the creation and maintenance of the universe; the scientific study of Holy Writ has deepened and strengthened his spiritual life, giving him a sane philosophy of existence and an accurate understanding of divinity and of things divine. With larger vision, with broader horizon, with deeper insight, with clearer foresight, the College graduate is become a new creature—has been transformed—and that, too, within the four years of his College course. This makes him grateful to the foster mother that travailed in his intellectual birth.

The true College-bred man, that man who rings clear, feels grateful to his Alma Mater just as he feels grateful to his mother, and as he loves his mother so will he love his foster mother, his Alma Mater. The man who goes through a College and does not love her is a false man—a man the world could well do without—a dishonor to himself and to his Alma Mater. An ingrate is the type of man to be avoided whether he be in the home, in the church, in the College, or in the state. He is not a fit companion—his association defiles—his influence is venomous to the nobler sentiments and higher aspirations of heart and life. The true man, the noble woman, is grateful—grateful for favors shown and kindnesses received at the hands of others, be they personal or institutional.

The College man is a patriot toward his Alma Mater, if he is a true man, not only because she has made him a new man and refashioned the universe for his benefit, but because he feels that he has received these things at a discount and that he can never fully pay for them. His tuition (which was all he paid the College for her oversight and guidance) for four years was only \$200—less than it costs to take a trip across the ocean and spend a month. And yet for four years he has had expert guides in all parts of the world and down into the bowels of the earth and among the lucid stars. He has viewed life, civilization and the world under the microscope with a director always at hand to point the explanations his soul was yearning to receive. And during these four years of travel and study he has paid for this expert assistance only \$200—he feels the smallness of the cost—he realizes the inability to repay fully—he feels grateful—grateful to the guides of these years—his faithful, scholarly teachers; grateful to the institution that secured the services and guaranteed the trustworthiness of these guides—grateful to his Alma Mater.

Daniel Webster breathed the true spirit of College patriotism—felt this gratitude—when he made that famous speech before the U. S. Supreme Court in defense of Dartmouth College, his Alma Mater. Dartmouth College was chartered by the State of New Hampshire with a duly constituted board of trustees or visitors. The legislature decided to make it a so-called University and without the consent of its corporation proceeded to alter its charter accordingly. The corporation appealed and the case went up before the Supreme Court of the U. S., with Mr. Webster defending the College and another alumnus of the same institution as attorney for the State of New Hampshire. In the midst of the masterful speech which he delivered upon that occasion, Mr. Webster, with much emotion disclaiming any ambition on his part to see Dartmouth become a University, realizing as he did the superior worth of the small College in the proper training of youth, said: "It is true it is a small College, but there are those who love it." Here, overcome with emotion, the great orator wept, nor was there a dry eye in that august court-room, when, regaining control of himself, he continued: "Sirs, I love Dartmouth College, and when her integrity is at stake, when her ancient charter is to be amended against her will, I am the last man in the world to give assent; I would rather die, sirs, than have her say to me, '*et tu, mi fili.*'"

There are tens of thousands of men and women who feel towards their Alma Maters just as Mr. Webster did—and they are the salt of the earth—they are the men and the women who will carry forward the banner of progress. They are the men and the women who are the light of the world. Through men and women animated with such passions our liberties were achieved and through them they are to be preserved. Our Colleges need fear no evil while such men and women live. In the hands of such men and women the home, the College, the church, the state—humanity's every interest is safe.



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A Note by the Manager



FOR the last few months at hours when very valuable time was swiftly passing, which was thought to have been needed on other work, the manager together with his associates have been studying and planning the make-up of this little volume which you now hold in your hand for criticism. In all probability it may not be made up so well as you could make it, but we believe that it is as good as circumstances would permit under which we have had to labor.

However we wish to express to you our thanks for the hearty co-operation you, as a friend of ours, have given us. Had it not been for your assistance, our work would have been in vain.

This Annual in connection with the different phases representing our college life, carries a list of advertisers which the manager has carefully selected. I would recommend them to you as being worthy of your patronage. When in need of anything in their line, call upon them and they will treat you right.

The Editor's Note



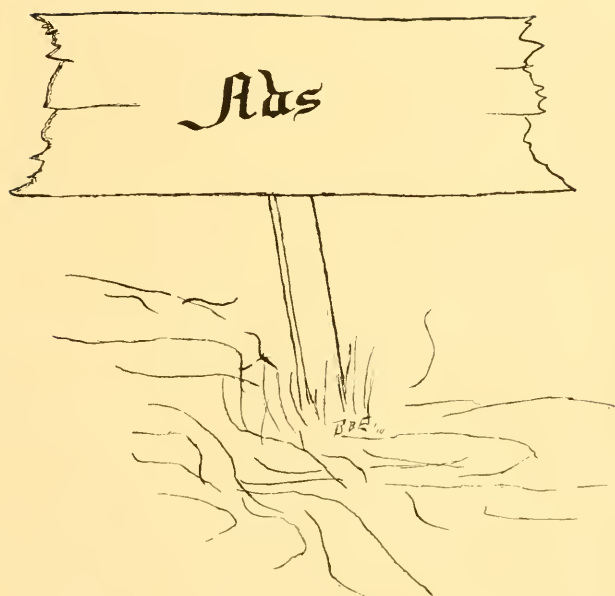
O YOU, gentle readers of the PHIPSICLI, known and yet unknown, we present the second volume of the PHIPSICLI for your criticism. And too, as a reminder of a glad and happy year of college and student life of the year 1914.

The purpose of this Annual, as we understand it, is to give us a not too serious (hence the fiction) and rather general, impressionistic (hence the pictures) sketch of a year of college and student life..

The editor, together with his associates, wishes to thank every contributor and helper in the making up of this book. The task has been indeed hard, but with your help you have made our burdens much lighter. The work has been pleasant, though it has often seemed otherwise.

We feel indebted to the different members of the faculty, who have shown their willingness to show us to the best of their ability the right way to make up this book, so as to make it the more interesting. And, too, to the manager and his associates. We have labored and toiled, day and night, trying to make our grades on our literary subjects while we were at work on this book. And so, dear readers, if you have any criticism you wish to make, please remember that this is our first venture into the fields of journalism, and that we have given you the best we possess. Therefore we trust, that while we realize that this Annual could be better, we rejoice in the fact that we have done our work the best we knew, you will be lenient, and before criticising us, place yourself in our position.







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